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PRICE TEN CENTS..

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

Puck

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MAKING-UP FOR A NEW RÔLE.

PUCK

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.



Y SISTER's wedding occurs this week,
And all the trouble and fuss they're at
I'd say were wasted, if I might speak
On such an empty romance as that.
They love each other, indeed; but, pshaw!
He had no rival, and none had she;
They'll settle down like Pa and Ma;—
I hope there's better in store for me.

I want a lover like those in tales:
I'll scorn his suit till he's quite enraged;
And then, the day when his father fails
I'll send for him, and we'll get engaged.
And how my parents will storm and scold!
My lover's pleadings with sneers deride,
And say he's marrying me for gold.
Then he, in noble and lofty pride,

Will go away; — another then,
A handsome foreigner — so polite! —
Will nearly capture my promise, when
My first returns, and they wage a fight.
And in the duel my lover brave
Is nearly killed and had died but for
The tender nursing his sweetheart gave;
And then — the nation will go to war.

I'll cry and suffer, but he shall go;
In all the papers his deeds be read.
At last, one morning there falls the blow:
My hero lover's among the dead!
Against my sorrows in vain is strife,
And when my lingering death occurs,
The lovely tale of my tearful life
Will make my sister ashamed of her's.

Layton Brewer.

EDUCATIONAL APPROPRIATION.

BRYTON EARLY.— You seem to be having a great deal of trouble writing that letter. What's the matter?"

MINOS COVNE.— I'm trying to fix up an urgent deficiency bill that the Governor will pass without discussion.

AN EXEMPLAR OF FINANCE.

The youthful heir of the noble house came slowly down from his high place and stood in the paternal presence.

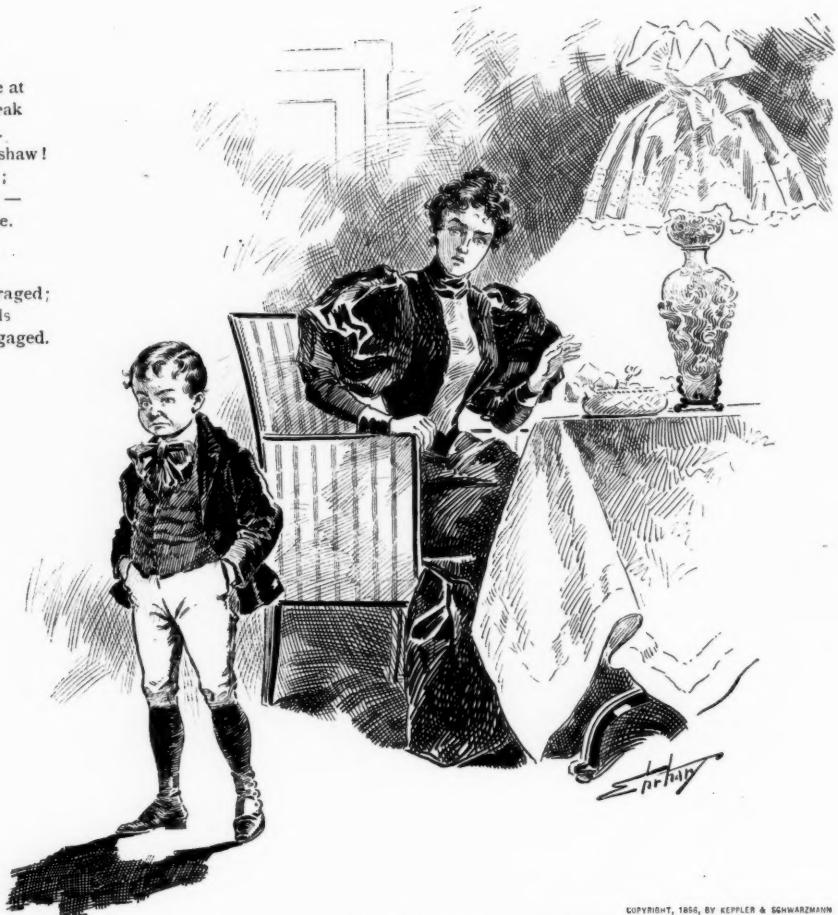
"Fader," he asked, holding out a brilliantly pictured sheet, "who vas William Chennings Pryan?"

The old man gazed fondly at his son.

"Ah! he vas a great man. I tells you a secrets, Ikey. He vill maig de United States vail for fefty cents on de toller!"

With a nod of intelligent satisfaction the boy mounted his counting stool.

THE ONLY explanation of the way in which some men escape retribution is that they are too small for the meshes of the net.



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GIVING HIM A LESSON.

MOTHER.— It shocks me awfully to think you took the penny. Remember, it is as much a sin to steal a penny as a dollar. Now, how do you feel, Willy?

WILLY.— Like a chump! There was a dollar right alongside the penny.

HIS VIEWS.

FIRST TRAMP.— What are your views on de political situation?

SECOND TRAMP.— I'm a true bimetallist, pardner. I'd like to vote bote de gold ticket an' de silver ticket fer a satisfactory consideration.

THEIR LACK.

LITTLE CLARENCE.— Pa?

MR. CALLIPERS.— Well, my son?

"I have just been reading that there are no nails in use in Japan."

"That is probably true. What of it?"

"Well, then, Pa, what do you suppose they do with their campaign lies?"

COMMON SENSE is not in the same class as genius, but it often gets more solid comfort out of life.



AN EXPERT.

GUEST.— Yo' husband mus' be a dangerous man at kyards, Missis Johnsing.

HOSTESS.— Why yo' t'ink so?

GUEST.— Look how he can carve!



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ENOCH'S PREDICAMENT.

"Enoch Post is killin' his hogs," announced Farmer Green, halting his team in front of Farmer Hornbeak's barnyard gate the other afternoon.

"I want to know!" ejaculated Mr. Hornbeak, coming out to the gate. "What on earth possesses him to kill 'em right in hot weather? Has the cholera got amongst 'em?"

"Nope; it's suthin' more fatal than cholera," was the reply. "Them hogs is the victims of a combination of carelessness, mistaken identity an' fool fads."

"What in time do you mean?"

"Why, it is like this: You know, Enoch has a whole houseful of city boarders at his place. Wal, this mornin' one of 'em, a young lady, dropped her diamond ring into the hog-lot while she was watchin' the piglets' trough, as one of the young boarders, who is sort of a wag, called it; an' one of the hogs swallered it. All of 'em looked jest alike to the young lady, an' by the time she had gone cryin' to the house an' brought the rest of the boarders an' Enoch out, she could n't tell for the life of her which was the guilty hog.

"She kinder thought it was one certain hog, though, an' he was promptly killed. The ring was n't found, an' then she thought it must have been another one, after all, an' that one was killed, too, without findin' the ring. Then she guessed she must have made a mistake, an' another one was accordin'ly killed. That made three, an' no ring. Then Enoch, knowin' the peculiarities of his hogs, picked out one greedy old feller, an' the young lady guessed he was the one, after all. It did n't take long to prove his innocence.

"Then one of the lady boarders, who was a medium, went into a trance, an' picked

out two hogs, one of which, she declared, was certainly guilty. Enoch an' the wag pitched up a penny to see which hog it was, an' then killed that one an' the other, an' failed to find the ring either time. Pretty soon, old Juckett, the horse-doctor, came along, squinted wisely at the hogs an' allowed he could pick out the proper one by the looks of him. They killed the one that Juckett selected without unearthin' the ring.

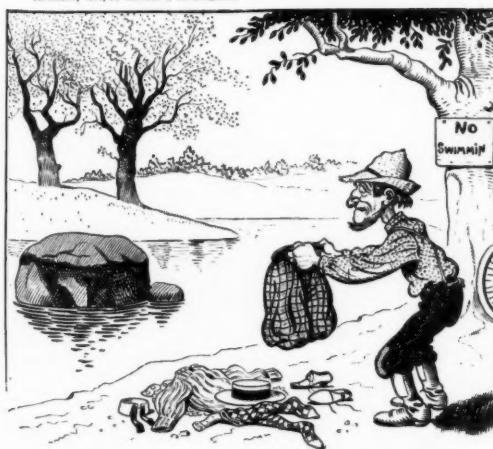
"A little later, Jay Medders came over with the divinin' rod that he'd bought in New York for \$25 oo an' which was warranted to indicate the location of precious metal without fail, an' he tried it on the hogs. Directly, the divinin' rod pointed at one particular pig, an' they accordin'ly killed it. When the experiment was found to be a failure, Enoch was almost discouraged an' guessed he'd have to kill the whole lot. The waggish boarder remarked that if he killed 'em all the ring would undoubtedly be found concealed about the person, so to speak, of the last one, as that was the way such things always worked; an' he suggested that they kill the last one first an' so git the ring without further trouble. So the one that Enoch had intended to kill last was picked out an' slain first, but the ring was not found.

"Then they killed one more for luck, an' when I came away there were only three hogs left out of the whole batch, an' the medium was goin' into another trance, Juckett an' one of the boarders werebettin' on a certain hog, the young lady had made up her mind it was one of the others, Jay Medders was gittin' ready to try his divinin' rod again, an' Enoch an' the waggish boarder were shakin' dice to decide which should be killed first. I'll bet a cooky myself that they don't find the ring at all. Wal, I must be goin'. Gid-dap, Dolly!"

Tom P. Morgan.

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A SLIGHT MISTAKE.



FARMER MEDDERS.—Confound it! This is a downright outrage! Here I go to work and put up that ere sign, and yet here comes one of these bicycle sellers and goes in swimmin', an' them winnin' boarders up to my house apt to pass here at any time. I'm a-goin' to carry off his clothes an' teach him a lesson.



AGONIZED VOICE FROM BEHIND THE ROCK.—Drop my clothes, you wicked, thieving old man!



MISS DOLLY WHEELER.—It's a pity a girl can't take a bath without running the risk of having her clothing stolen!

AN OPEN LETTER

TO ANY AND ALL PUBLISHERS, WHEREVER THEY MAY BE CARRYING
ON THEIR NEFARIOUS VOCATION.

I INTEND TO write a story which shall be unlike all other stories ever written; and in order that all publishers may have equal opportunity to secure this prospective marvel of literature, I invite their bids. Among the startling innovations that will be introduced in this work of literary art which I intend to produce there will be found the following:

No male character, on whom the duty may devolve to narrate something necessary to supply a link in the story, will "light a fresh cigar," either before he begins, or in the course of his remarks. If it becomes absolutely necessary for him to light something, he will have to light a stub or a pipe. Fresh cigars are barred.

At no stage of the proceedings will any female character be represented in a position where she "reeled and would have fallen had not the strong arm" — etc. Any woman who reels in this story will have to recover herself, or else keep right on with her falling. There will be no strong arm to save her.

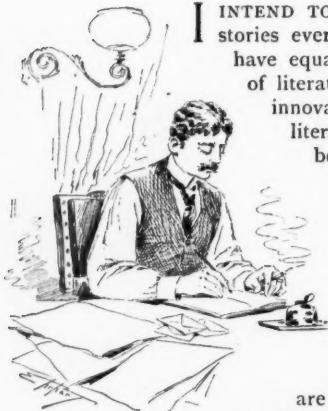
The principal male character will refuse, absolutely, to become separated from the woman he loves, through the machinations of the villain. Under no circumstances will he be induced to go "far, far away, to forget."

There will be no bicycle admitted to the story.

No "new woman" will be permitted within the narrative.

None of the characters will converse in dialect.

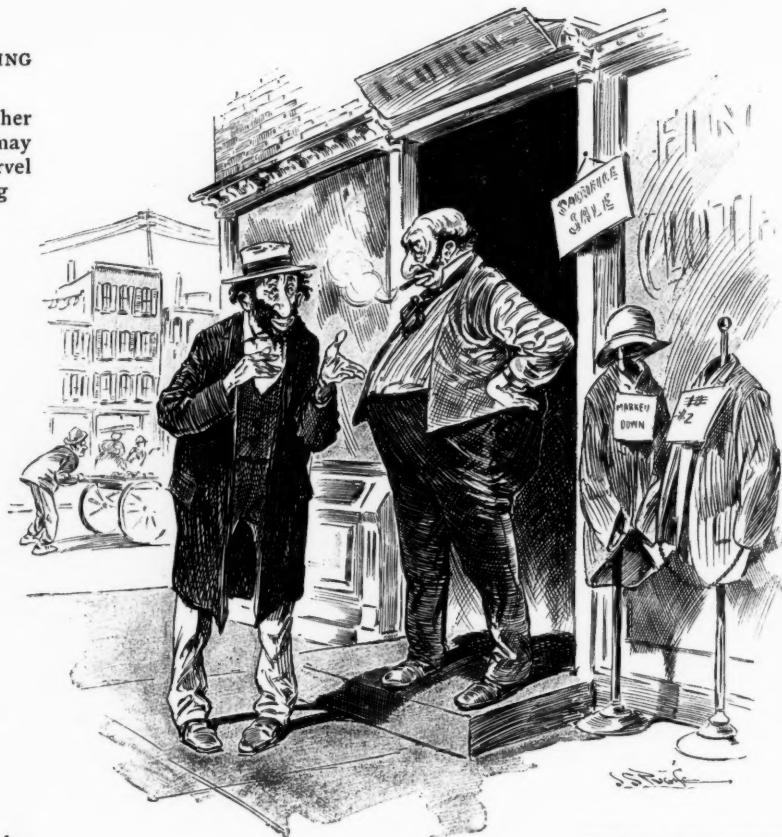
If any female character is found to have a past concealed about her person she will be ejected from the story, summarily.



A CONSOLING FEATURE.

"Is n't it sad that the flowers fade?" said the girl with the poetic temperament.

"It is sad," replied the young man, who had to say something to the girl with the poetical temperament; "but it's a good thing for the florists."



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AN INQUIRY.

ISAACHEIMER.—A feller was talkin' to me to-day undt I'm sure he vos vun of dem bunco men.

COHENSTEIN.—Did you make anything out of him?

All realism will be thoroughly disinfected and deodorized by means of a patent process.

In view of the character of this story, no bid less than one dollar a line will be considered, and I reserve the right to make the number of lines as large as I please.

Ivan This.

THE POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCE OF REALISM.

FIRST BOARDER.—In one scene of the play the company sit down to an actual dinner —

SECOND BOARDER.—Are n't you stage-struck?

AN ALARMING SYMPTOM.

THE SALESMAN.—I hear you've been sick. Had to stay home Saturday, eh?

THE BOOKKEEPER.—Worse than that! I was n't able to go out Saturday night.



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AND NOT A FREAK, EITHER.

A man with three heads on one pair of shoulders.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"Have you seen anything of the boating and bathing?"

"Guess that must have been a typographical error in the advertisement."

BENEATH THE SUMMER MOON.

He rowed along with slow and easy stroke;
The boat scarce moved upon the placid river.
Her sweet voice gently quivered as she spoke —
And Cupid had an arrow in that quiver.

PUCK.



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SHE HAD THE PREFERENCE.

FATHER (*angrily, — entering parlor at twelve-thirty*).—Look here, young man! do you stay as late as this when you call on other girls?

JACK HUGGARD (*trembling with fear*).—N-n-n-no, sir!

FATHER (*appeased — as he leaves the room*).—That's all right, then! (*Aside*.) Thank heaven! Mary has caught on at last!

AT THE RACE TRACK.

PICKEM.—That is the sporting editor of the *Hustler*. They say his judgement is very good.

POOLER.—Nonsense! His selections are nearly always wrong.

PICKEM.—Yes; but he never bets on them.



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A NEW DESCRIPTION.

LITTLE CLARA.—O Mama! something is the matter with my foot!
MAMA.—Your foot must be asleep, dear.

LITTLE CLARA (*as the "pins and needles" do their work*).—It must be! I feel it snoring.

PUCK.

HOW AGE WILL BE COMPUTED.

"My!" said the visitor, who called in 1902; "what a big boy Tommy is getting to be!"

"Yes, indeed!" said the fond mother. "He is riding his third wheel."

ALL HER OWN.

"What, then," the New Woman asked defiantly: "What, then, is woman's sphere to-day?"

The Old Man shook his head in sorrow.

"The earth seems to be woman's sphere," he said, ruefully.

IF YOU wish to be considered original say bright things to people who have never before heard them.



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SADLY NEGLECTED.

MRS. RILEY.—Thot Kerrigan bye hoz gone oop fer tin years fer sand-baggin', — an' on'y twenty-wan years old th' wake.

MRS. CASEY.—An' phwat cud yez expict, th' way that choid wuz neglected, Mrs. Riley? Whoi, he wuz near seventeen years old before his parents even sint him to the reform school!

THAT DID N'T COUNT.

BINGO.—I think I will take a trip to Niagara next week. Every American ought to see it.

WITHERBY.—Have n't you been there?

BINGO.—Yes; on my honeymoon.

HER COMPLAINT.

CLARA.—Did you enjoy the ball game?
MAY.—No; I had no candy.



THE SYMPTOMS.

CHOLLY.—Ever been in love, Chappie?

CHAPPIE.—Ya-as.

CHOLLY.—How does it feel?

CHAPPIE.—As if you had n't smoked a cigawette faw a week.

COULD N'T AFFORD TO.

BROWN.—Do you answer all the letters you get from your wife?

JONES (*whose wife is in the mountains*).—Of course not! It would break me if I did.

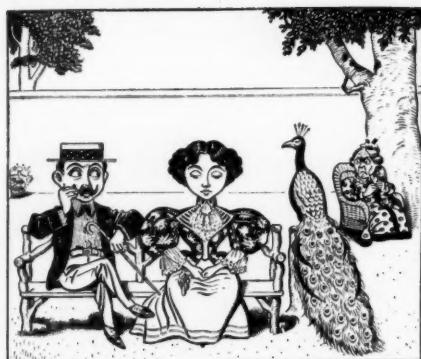
UNLIKE THE MACHINES.

"Think we'll ever have a successful flying-machine?"
"Can't tell. The idea has been in the air a long time."

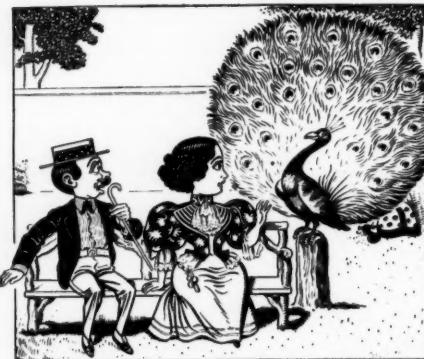
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A FORTUNATE SCREEN.

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EAGLE-EYED MOTHER.—I don't mind them being together, but I keep my eye on them so there can be no silly love-making when I am around.



THE PEACOCK.—That girl has always treated me right. I'll see what I can do for her.



HER DISCOVERIES.

LITTLE NELLY recently visited her city relatives for the first time. Upon returning home she confided in this manner to a chum living in the next house: "Sings is awful funny down zere," she said; "it don't det night—it dets dart, an' zere's men comes wound an' wates folts up in ze mornin' hollerin'; an'" — here her voice sank to a whisper—"zey don't milt fom tows — zey dets it t'm boys!"

A HARROWING THOUGHT.

STRANGER.—Does not the thought of the electric chair appal you?

PRISONER.—It does, indeed! It bears such a resemblance to the one my barber has.

A WARNING.

"Come here, Mother," said the youthful and enthusiastic fly; "here is all the molasses you can eat."

"Keep away from it," replied the experienced parent, surveying the fly-paper; "if you get your feet stuck in that it will certainly spoil your appetite."

A GREAT BRAIN.

DASHAWAY.—I should n't think a man in your circumstances could afford to wear a high hat.

TRAVERS.—When I wear a high hat it is so much easier to get a free lunch.

GETTING EVEN.

"What causes Bibley's cough?"

"Whiskey."

"What's he taking for it?"

"Whiskey."

A QUESTION.

JENKINS.—What do they call that pugilist?

TOMPKINS.—Jimmy, the Rib-roaster.

JENKINS.—Is that his *nom de plume*?

PROBABLY NOT.

"Is he happily married?"

"Well, his wife is the sort of woman who will stand up near the rear door of a street-car when there are vacant seats further up front."



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NOT LIKE HER AUNT.

AUNT LILLY (*with prudish indignation*).—I always had more good sense than to wear such a low corsage.

HER NIECE.—I should say you had extremely good sense not to, Auntie!

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.

SMITH.—The Yellowstone Park must be magnificent. Think of it — thirty-five hundred square miles.

SIMPKINS.—Yes. I'd like to have a contract to supply it with signs "Please keep off the grass."

HE SUFFERED.

FRIEND.—Did you suffer much?

THE INJURED PARTY.—Did I suffer? For a whole week after the accident a dozen lawyers made my life miserable trying to get me to bring a suit against the company.

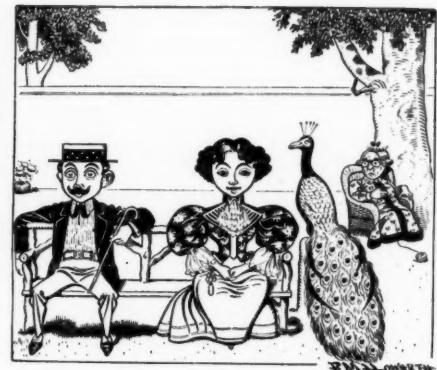
HOW IT HAPPENED.

BROWN.—You look tired.

JONES.—Yes; I've lost a good deal of sleep within a few days.

BROWN.—How's that?

JONES.—I've just come in from the West on a sleeper.



EAGLE-EYED MOTHER.—I was sure I heard a suspicious sound. Peacocks are a nuisance!

A DRAWBACK.

ROBINSON.—How did you like it at that mountain resort?

JENKINS.—Pretty well; except that the meals were so arranged as to interfere, at times, with what I wanted to do.

ROBINSON.—What did you want to do?

JENKINS.—Eat.

HIS REASON.

TROTTER.—While I was in England, I met one nobleman who actually believed in the abolition of the House of Lords.

BLOTTER.—Did you, really?

TROTTER.—Yes. He said it was such a nuisance to go there.

PURELY MENTAL.

"I am told that he has some mental affection."

"Yes; he is in love with Miss Bluenose of Boston."

DISCOURAGED.

"Misery loves company!"

"Well, Misery ought to have a houseful of it."

TOUGH.

Davy leaned back from the table, panting.

"Whew!" he said; "my teeth has n't got good enough muscles t' eat that meat."

A FLOW of words can not be damned by faint praise.

PUCK.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A POINT FOR SILVERITES. THE WAYS of the mind of a Silverite are many and devious. Toiling under his cross of metaphors and his crown of peculiar reasoning, Mr. Bryan contends that mankind could obtain twice as many of the necessities of life as it does at present if silver were worth twice its present price. While there is something engaging in this contention, it does not quite prove itself, for Mr. Bryan does not show how this increase in the price of silver is to reach the pockets of the "toiling masses" for whom he affects to be shedding his speech. Assuming that the United States could, by its say-so, double the price of silver, who would get the profit? Not the holders of United States silver dollars at present coined, surely, for their value would not be affected; already, by grace of the Government stamp, they are worth twice their value in uncoined silver. It is obvious, then, that only the holders of uncoined silver would profit by this rise in the price of silver, and to speak of such as the "toiling masses" is hardly accurate.

* * *

It is true that many of the plain people hold silver cake-baskets and casters and butter-dishes and pie-knives, and the world would be a more beautiful place to live in if the most of them were coined into silver dollars. But the important holders of silver are the men who own silver mines, and these, decidedly, are not the "toiling masses." Senator Stewart may be a toiling mass, all by himself, but he is only one, and he does not in his own person comprise that great volume of human effort which we instinctively associate with Mr. Bryan's pet term; and, in truth, all the silver miners in the world could not acceptably play the rôle of the "toiling masses" or the "plain people." Many of them are plain enough, of course, but the term has a meaning above mere personal description.

* * *

At precisely this point in this old familiar argument the Silverite becomes disingenuous. He leaps the fence and looks at the proposition from the other side. He has been arguing that silver would rise to the price placed upon it by the Government. But now he remembers that there is a Law of Supply and Demand, and that after a certain limit our silver dollars, in obedience to this law, would fall in value. Here is the meat of his contention. He argues, and correctly, too, that if dollars become cheaper they will be easier to get. The "toiling masses" will get twice as much for their toil, and will, therefore, become twice as wealthy. But here he goes astray again. He forgets that the "toiling masses" toil for one another; they sell to one another, and buy from one another. A certain change has been made in the symbol which they use to effect trades in labor and goods, but no one is richer by that change. The day laborer gets two dollars where he got one, and so does the farmer. But so, too, does the grocer, the butcher, the baker, and the seller of dry-goods. The relative values of a bushel of wheat, a pair of boots and a day's work can not be affected by calling fifty cents a dollar. Those values are as inexorably fixed by the Law of Supply and Demand as the value of silver is.

* * *

It is easy to see that the Silverite wants and expects to have a fifty-cent dollar. He believes he can buy more with two coins worth fifty cents each than with one coin worth one hundred cents. Logically, he must believe that silver is better than gold, nickel better than silver, copper better than nickel, and that pig-iron is better than either. He is on the back track of financial experience, and if he be consistent, he must fetch up against the standard of primitive times. Whether he would finally determine upon cattle, salt, dried cod-fish, tobacco, sugar, leather, furs or wampum, each of which has been money at times, can not be said. In the end he would perhaps monetize the leaves of the trees and the sands of the sea.

* * *

There is a more direct way out of the difficulty in which the Silverite imagines he is placed. Mr. Bryan asserts that the farmer is the chief

sufferer under the present system. Therefore, why not enact a law directly to his advantage, instead of mooning about laws that plainly can not profit him. To cut his dollar in two will not help him, because, while he would receive two dollars where he now receives one, he would pay two where he now pays one. But if a law be passed declaring that a bushel shall consist of 16 quarts instead of 32 quarts, his grain crops will be at once doubled. Why should there be hardship in the land when its chief wealth may be doubled by a simple act of legislation? Practically, of course, this would place our Government under the obligation of doubling the price of everything measured by the bushel; but this would be no harder task than doubling the price of the world's stock of silver, for the world consumes the greater part of its cereals each year, while its stock of silver is constantly growing. If it be alleged in answer to this argument that the laboring man would suffer, let it be remembered that the same simple device is open to him. He would have one loaf of bread where he formerly had two, if the size of the loaf should remain the same. But he has the same privilege as the farmer: he could make his loaves half the former size, and a system of great simplicity, beauty and beneficence would thus be inaugurated. And, extending the system in line with the silver argument, he could declare a fifty per cent. reduction in the appetites of himself and family when the time came that he could buy but one of the small loaves of bread. We submit this plan to the Silverites with sincere assurance that it is a far more practical scheme of robbery than their own and every bit as foolish. And we would suggest, before it is put into practice, that an amendment be added to the present Law of Supply and Demand, to this effect: "*Provided, that no section of this law shall apply to the United States of America, nor to any part thereof.*"

BEGINNING TO SEE THROUGH IT.

MRS. BROWN.—As I understand it, the principal danger is that people will take old silver spoons to the mint and have them coined into dollars.

MRS. JONES.—Ah! I see! So much silverware is merely plated.



ECONOMICALLY COOLING.

JAKEY ISAACS.—Fader, vill you please giff me ten cents for ice cream? — I'm terrible hot!

MR. ISAACS.—Ach! Sit right down here, undt I vill tell you a nice long ghost story, undt make your bloot run colt.



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"BLOWING" HIMSELF AROUND

PUCK.



SELF AROUND THE COUNTRY.

J. Ottmann Lith Co. PUCK BUILDING, N.Y.

PUCK.

WOMEN'S WAYS.



R. AND MRS. COLUMBUS FLATTE were out on their wheels on Saturday afternoon. They were tooling along the Boulevard when a scorcher scorched into Mrs. Flatte's bike and threw her to the ground.

The criminal also frightened a horse that was drawing a light grocery wagon, and was being driven by a typical "grocery boy."

The horse ran away, stepping over one corner of Mrs. Flatte's head as she lay, and the wheel of the wagon grazed her shoulder.

The boy, as might have been expected, kept his seat and hung on to the reins.

A mounted policeman followed and caught the runaway, and a foot-policeman overtook the miscreant scorcher and brought him back to the scene of his misdeeds.

Meanwhile a crowd had gathered around Mr. and Mrs. Flatte. Mrs. Flatte was not seriously hurt; but, as was afterwards proven, was badly shaken and contused.

The policeman, with an expression of ill-concealed ferocity in his face, brought the scorcher before his victim.

"Kill him!" yelled the crowd.

"Let me get at him once!" said the grocery boy.

"Change his wheel for another make," suggested a humorist.

Mrs. Flatte identified the scorcher, and then fainted. When she was restored by the brandy and the ice-water that was produced, as is usual in crowds, from nobody knows or cares where, she positively refused to enter any complaint against the scorcher, to appear against him, or to give her name and address.

"But, my dear —," remonstrated her husband.

"But nothing, Columbus!" gasped Alicia, decisively. "D-D-Don't you see he's nothing but a b-boy? And (*whispering*) we may have a b-boy of our own some day."

After this stupendous piece of feminine reasoning there was nothing left for Mr. Flatte to do but to lift his wife from the pile of stones on which she had been reclining with her head on his shoulder, and place her in the carriage. (The ambulance had come and gone.)

Mrs. Flatte was at once raised to the position of heroine in the eyes of the crowd; the scorcher slunk away as soon as he was released by the reluctant officer, and Mr. Flatte followed his young wife into the carriage with an impassive countenance.

They were "whirled" home at the N. Y. regulation cab rate — two miles an hour.

Mrs. Flatte's injuries being so very slight, that same evening they entertained some friends at cards.

Naturally there were expressions of opinion in regard to the occurrence of the afternoon.

"Why did n't you thrash the cub, Columbus?" said Mr. John Goforth.

"With my wife fainting in my arms?" said Mr. Flatte.

"If ever a scorcher runs into baby's 'peram,'" said Mrs. John, with fire in her eye, "I'll beat him to death with my parasol."

"I don't quite wish to see all scorchers sizzle in Hades," remarked Mr. Wheeler, an enthusiastic cycler; "but I would like to have seen them compelled to scorch on an open plain in that weather we had in August."

"Ah, well!" remarked Mr. Columbus Flatte, dryly; "if ever I come to commit crime (and I may), let me be tried by a jury of women!"

"Why so, sir?" asked Alicia, opening her brown eyes languidly; "you are not young and good-looking!"

Madeline Orvis.

A NEW SUIT of clothes inspires some men with great confidence in themselves.



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AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

S. S. TEACHER.—What is the leading doctrine of Christianity?

THE LAUNDRYMAN.—Kid thlow stone — smashee glass — no can catchee — forgivum.

NOT PREPARED TO DO IT.

FIRST CITIZEN.—How would you define a demagogue, anyway?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Well, it is n't easy to give a non-partisan definition of a demagogue in the middle of a Presidential campaign.

A MALADY

GRIMSHAW.—What is your politics, sir?

GASSAWAY.—I am a firm believer in the free and unlimited coinage of silver, sir!

GRIMSHAW.—Huh! That is n't politics — it's a disease.

ABOLISHED.

TEACHER.—What is meant by "opaque"?

PUPIL.—There is n't any such thing now, teacher, since those "X" rays were discovered.

HIS ATTITUDE.

CITY MAN.—How does Colonel Gassaway stand on the money question?

SARCASTIC VILLAGER.—He don't stand at all — he wobbles.

AGAINST DEPRECIATION.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I suppose your pastor is for sound money?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Oh, yes! He holds that money is mere dross, and should not be made more so.

AT THE BALL GAM

SHE.—What are they all coming in for?

HE.—They are dissatisfied with the umpire's decision.

SHE.—Oh! Are they going to bolt?

THE SENSATIONAL newspapers might become bankrupt if they should lose the support of the people who denounce them.



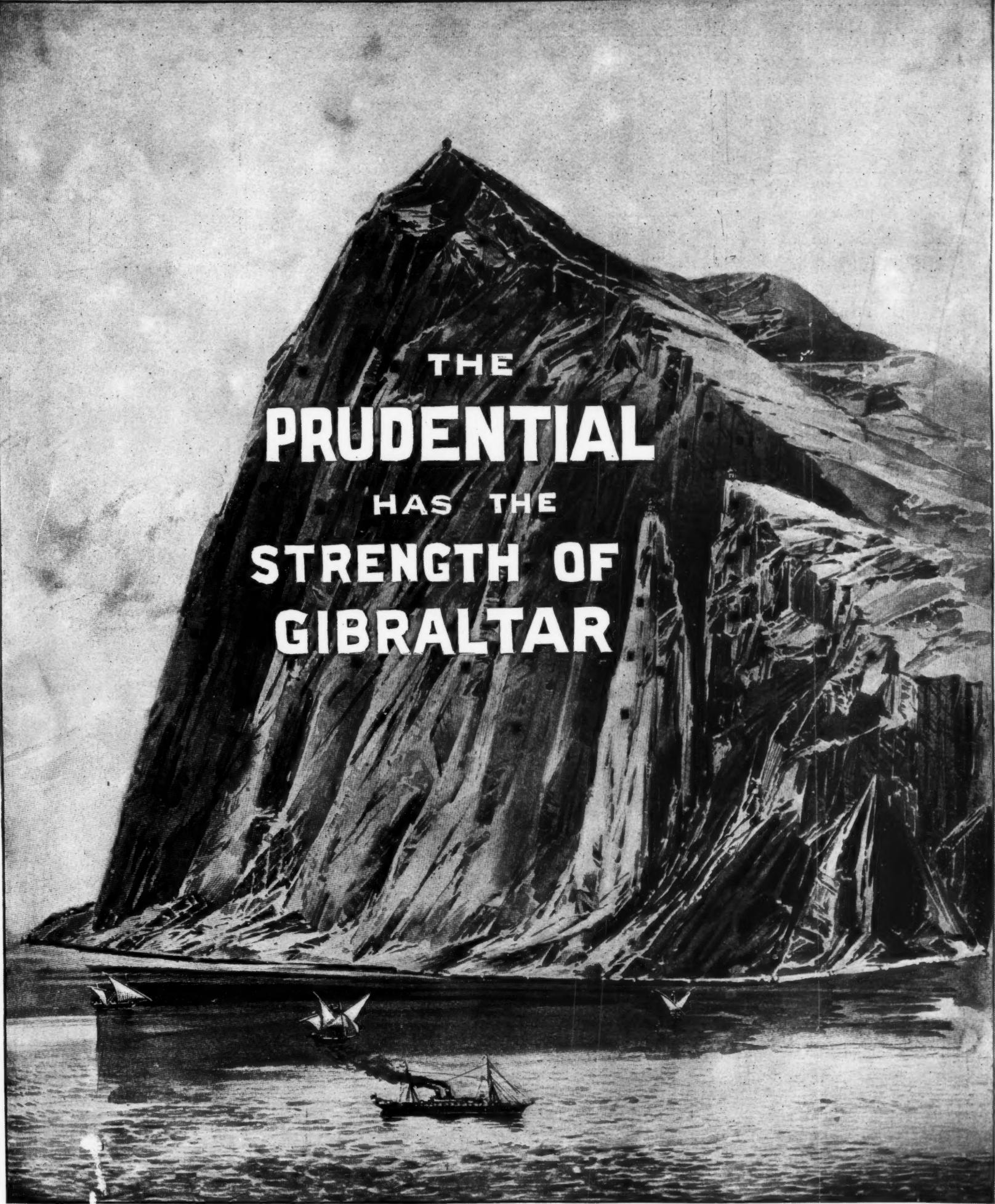
ANOTHER SILVER ARGUMENT.

BATTERED BUTTS.—Now, see here, Weary! Here's de hull silver question in a nutshell; — if you hed fifty-t'ree cents-wort' uv silver in yer pocket, and yer knew yer could take it to de United States Treasury an' git a silver dollar fer it, yer'd do it, would n't yer?

WEARY WILLY.—No.

BATTERED BUTTS (*astounded*).—An' why not?

WEARY WILLY.—'Cause I never could git by all de saloons betwix' here an' de Treasury wit' dat much silver in me pocket.



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MANHATTAN
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hump?

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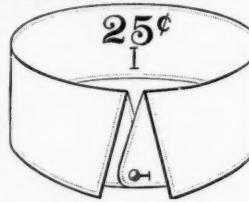
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"I know that, Mama. But he has kept me in the dark long enough."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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MR. GOTROX (pointing a moral).—Now, Johnny, which should you prefer to have me drop in your little bank:—this gold dollar, or this silver dollar?

JOHNNY.—The gold dollar, if you please, sir.

MR. GOTROX (dropping it in).—Quite right, Johnny;—now tell me why.

JOHNNY.—Because I can shake it out easier!

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Bad Complexion,
and Odors from Perspiration,
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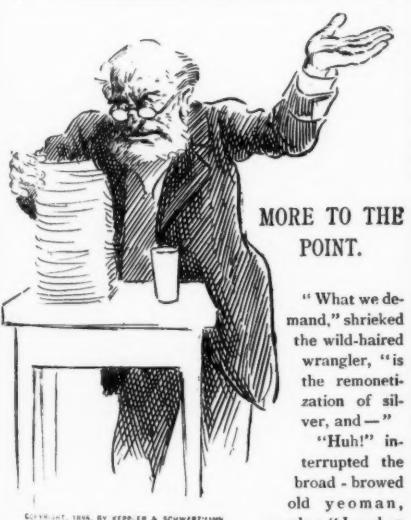
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

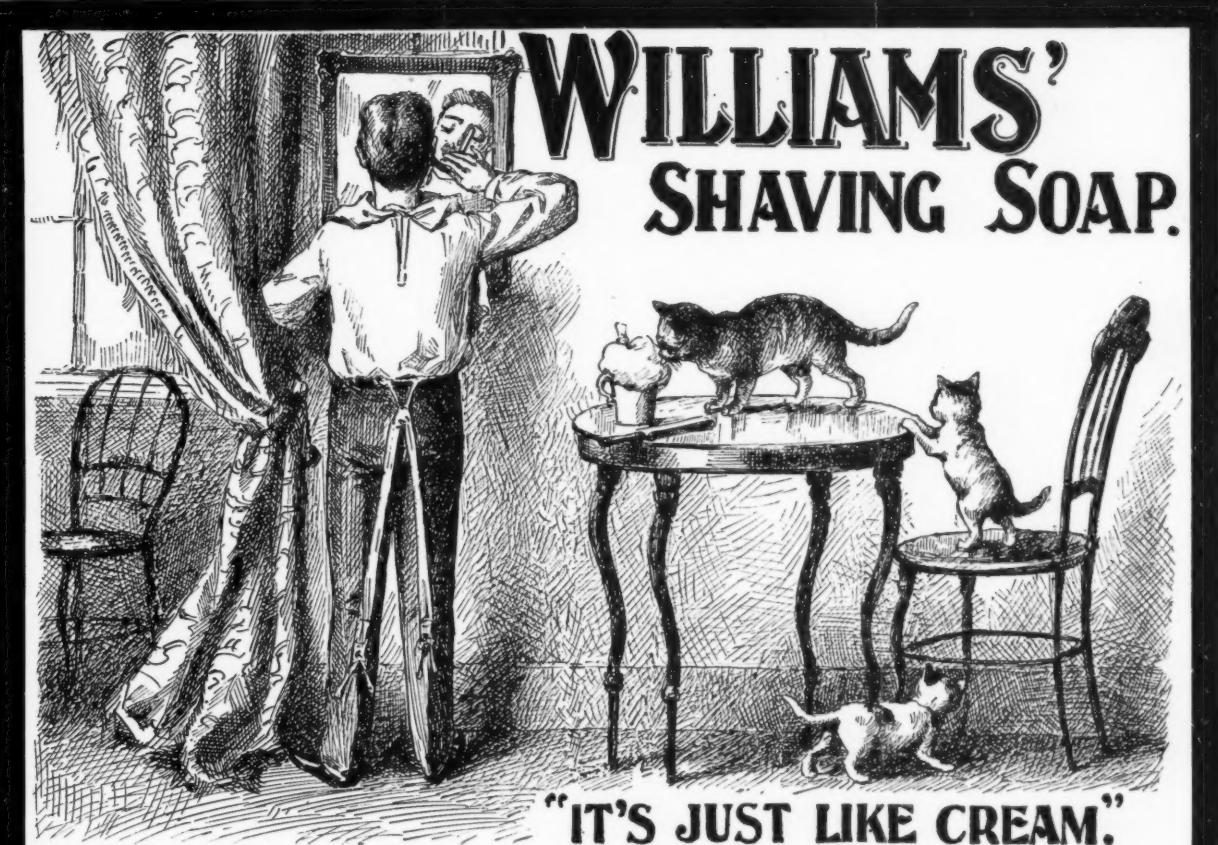
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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the cooling, soothing, healing effect upon the face of pure, rich cream.

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It penetrates the pores

of the face, softens the beard—heals, soothes, comforts, and makes **shaving a delight.**

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On account of its wonderfully pure, delicate, cream-like qualities, Williams' Soap is **matchless for Toilet and Bath, and is used in thousands of homes, exclusively.** Trial sample for a 2c. stamp—if you want to test it.

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NOTE.—If your dealer does not have these Soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid—on receipt of price. All four kinds sent for \$1.00 in stamps.

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The recent death of H. C. Bunner, the humorous writer, has created a demand for his writings, and we are pleased to learn that the publishers of PUCK have issued a very dainty little volume, entitled the "Suburban Sage," in which are given in their entirety the series of sketches which were so popular when they first appeared. The keen appreciation of the many points was as thorough to the confirmed cityite as to the suburban dweller. The articles are full of the delicate and subtle humor for which Mr. Bunner was noted. The chapters on "The Suburban Horse," "The Building Craze,"

"The Time Table Test," and the "Evolution of the Suburbanite" are particularly strong, and no one who is married will fail to appreciate "The Bloomer Fever." The book is a dainty one, having 174 pages and containing many illustrations by Taylor, who seems to have caught the true spirit of the author's meaning. The book is bound in cloth, with title in black and silver. It is obtainable at the book and news stands, or will be sent by mail by the publishers, Keppler & Schwarzmann, PUCK Building, New York.

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MR. SUBUBS (who has ordered drawings for a new cottage).—Ah! what is that room adjoining the parlor?

ARCHITECT.—That's for your bicycles.

MR. SUBUBS.—And that room adjoining the kitchen?

ARCHITECT.—That's for the cook's bicycle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SLIPP.—I hear that Gushley gets off a number of good jokes every day.

FLIPP.—Yes; he uses a bound volume of PUCK for a cushion on his chair.—*Norristown Herald.*

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RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy
Liver, and all Uric
Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

IN order to thoroughly enjoy a novel, a married woman must temporarily forget that she is married.—*Atchison Globe.*

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An appetizer. promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

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DINKELHEIMER.—Dere goes Mose Goldberg.

LEVY.—Sh! Don't spoke so loud. He yust had his name changed by dot legislature.

DINKELHEIMER.—Ish dot so? What for?

LEVY.—Vell, you see he ish running for office on der Democratic dicket und he had to change his name to Silverstein.

There are other "Angostura Bitters," but there is only one original Angostura Bitters—Abbott's. All druggists and dealers.

WE have n't had a cyclone this season, but we've a lot of fellows in town who are earnestly endeavoring to solve the money question.—*West Union Gazette.*

OPIUM AND MORPHINE "HABITS."

If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine, write me at once. My treatment is radically different from all others: contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures secretly, without suffering.

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SHIFTING STYLES.
The bud is gone that smiled so free,
No blossom lingers on the bough—
"Alas! our bloomers," sighed the tree,
"Are slightly out of fashion now."
—Washington Star.

A DISTINCTION.

"I suppose," said the native of America to the foreigner, "that you find our manners and customs very interesting."

"Not exactly," replied the visitor, as he gazed at a fleet-bicycle girl. "What I find interesting are your manners and costumes." —Washington Star.

ON one of the recent hot days we chanced to go into the cellar, where our furnace spends its time; and, by Jingo! we came within one of wishing that the hot weather would continue till next Spring. —West Union Gazette.

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Manhattan,
Martini,
Whiskey,
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Gin,
Tom Gin,
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and
York

JAZBREY.—You ought to favor Brigins for Congress; he's the candidate of the plain people.

JALLOW.—The candidate of the plain people, is he? I have no use for him; I'm too good-looking. —Roxbury Gazette.

NO MAN ever said a woman was an angel who did not know better. —Atchison Globe.

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Send size of wick and name of Lamp and 25 cents in silver, and receive the **AJAX** Burner Attachment. Positively prevents your lamp from jarring out, blowing out or smoking. Increases light 30 per cent., and makes square flame. Satisfaction or money refunded.

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GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "100 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

MISS GOTROX.—Do you know that Count Sandwich actually addressed me in public as his treasure?

MISS DAMPER.—He meant "his investment." He's always getting the English language mixed, you know? —Detroit Free Press.

HOW TO STOP AN EXPRESS.

SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—See here, sir! You told me that country place I bought of you was only thirty-five minutes from the city.

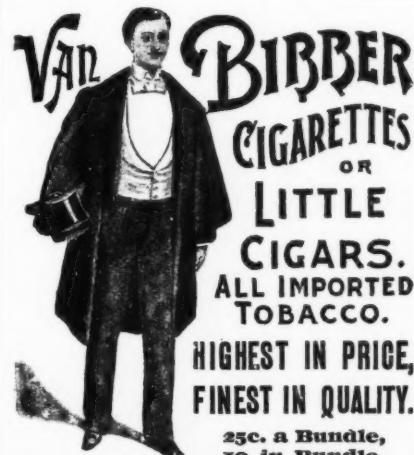
CITY AGENT.—Yes, sir; thirty-five minutes by express. You remember, when we went out to look at it, the time was thirty-five minutes exactly.

"But, confound it, sir! the express trains don't stop there, not one of them, and the accommodation takes about an hour and a half!"

"You and I went by express, and it stopped for us, you know."

"Yes, I know; but it hasn't stopped since."

"It will stop if you hire a man at your station to buy a through-ticket for somewhere. That's the way I did the day we went out. —New York Weekly.



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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

Exceptional durability, combined with perfection of tone and touch, make the SOHMER Piano peculiarly adapted to the use of pupils and teachers in establishments where piano playing is taught.

ONE OF MANY.
MR. DE DUDE.—Cawn't I introduce to you my friend, Arthur Wemington? He's a literary man, you know."

MISS DE BELLE.—Indeed?

MR. DE DUDE.—Aw, yes! He sent the *Society News* a list of the guests at the last party, and the editah accepted it, bah Jove! —New York Weekly.

WHEN a woman writes out a list of "Books for Boys to Read," she generally names a series of volumes the average boy could not be induced to read. —Norristown Herald.

WE wish we were a freckle-faced country boy and knew the location of a good plum patch, and had a lot of good friends to tell the secret. —Atchison Globe.

YOU CAN'T tell; a red-nosed man may not drink—but it's uncertain. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d St., N. Y., makes red-nosed men look like prohibitionists. Book sent for 2 cent stamp.

BADLY LEFT.

"Is it true that your father has made an assignment?" asked the agitated lover of his fiancée.

"All his vast fortune is swept away," she sighed; "but you are left, Algy."

"I should say I was left. Great heavens!" —Detroit Free Press.

JAGGS.—You seem to dodge Bingley every time you see him first.

SNAGGS.—You bet I do; between a Bingley bicycle, a Bingley baby and a Bingley dog, how else can a man evade him? —Adams Freeman.

MOTHER.—Johnny?
JOHNNY.—Yessum!

MOTHER.—Look out for yourself out there in the street; if you don't, the first thing you know you'll be bicycled. —Roxbury Gazette.

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SOVEREIGNS
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OBLIGATIONS
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REPUDIATED

As he looks at election time, accord-
ing to the average political orator.



As he appears to some of his
unreasonable creditors.



As the Free Silver and Populist demagogues
describe him.

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THE AMERICAN FARMER.
VARIOUS IDEAS OF HIM, FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW.

As he is apt erroneously to imagine himself,
of late.

F. Opper

